

FIFTEEN STUDENTS DEAD

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

gers were thrown under the wreckage of the coal cars and locomotive, others were buried beneath the shattered timbers and roof, a few were pitched clear of the wreckage and the rest went into the gravel pit, fifteen feet below the track.

The second coach, occupied by the college band and students, received almost the full force of the collision. The body of the car was torn from the trucks, hurled to the top of the wreckage on the track, where it poised for a second, then plunged down the embankment on its side. The floor of this car was practically demolished, the windows were shattered and the seats and other furniture were torn from their fastenings and piled in heaps. The most serious casualties occurred in this and the first coach.

The third car was also lifted from its trucks, raised high in the air and shot forward, where it remained poised, right-side up, on the mass of wreckage formed by the locomotive and first and second coal cars. No one was killed in this car, although many were seriously hurt. While the interior was reduced to confusion, the sides of the car splintered and the floor wrecked by iron bars and timbers forced upward through it, it did not present the appalling appearance of the first two coaches.

The remaining eleven coaches of the special were, many of them, derailed, but were comparatively uninjured. The passengers were badly shaken up, some of them even seriously hurt, and all suffered from the fright and shock of the moment.

AN APPALLING SCENE.

No more appalling wreck scene was ever witnessed in this State. A giant locomotive, crushed out of all semblance of shape, one big passenger coach reduced to pieces no larger than a barrel stave with the exception of the roof and one side, another coach shattered and crushed, and a third one half demolished; with a dozen human beings lying dead, crushed, twisted and mangled beneath the piles of wood and iron; scores bleeding and moaning, pinned down by the weight of heavy timbers, caught between car seats or crawling, stunned and dazed, from the wreckage, and scores more able to help themselves but frantic with the horror of the moment, made up the terrible picture that presented itself to the gaze of those who saw the trains come together.

The rush to relieve was instant. Laborers working in the neighborhood ran with all speed to the work of mercy. Residents, catching up hastily such articles as they believed would serve to alleviate the agony of the injured, ran from every house near by. Others hastened to telephones and sent a general call for assistance. The City Dispensary and Hospital, all the hospitals in the city and every physician that could be reached by telephone were summoned. Several fire companies were notified and responded on the instant and, although the fire did not add its horror to the scene, they extinguished an independent blaze under the wreckage and were of service in removing the dead and caring for the injured.

Under Superintendent Kruger and Captain Hyland, the entire detective force, a squad of twenty patrolmen and a number of men not in uniform, were at the wreck within fifteen minutes. They assisted in the work of relief, kept back the crowd and patrolled the vicinity, guarding the wreckage and the property of the passengers.

The wreck whistle was blown at exactly 10:30 o'clock, and under Yardmaster John G. Hicks and the veteran wrecker, H. D. Harris, a wrecking train and a force of thirty was dispatched at once to the scene. Although the scene was one of terrible chaos, enough to horrify and daunt even men accustomed to dealing with such catastrophes, the work was begun with military system and discipline.

ATTACKING THE WRECKAGE.

The wreckage of the locomotive and smoker was first attacked. With crowbars and bare hands the railroad employees, the police, firemen and volunteers from the neighborhood, went to work. The first thought was for the injured. On every side, through every interstice in the debris, legs, arms and bodies could be seen. The groans and cries of frightfully injured men spurred the workers to superhuman effort. The appeals of many who feared that friends and relatives were dead or dying in the wreckage furnished additional incentive, although none was needed.

By the time the relief party had begun to remove the injured medical assistance had arrived and the labor of temporarily caring for the suffering was begun. Those who were most seriously hurt were placed in ambulances, patrol wagons, horse wagons or any vehicle that could be converted into an ambulance and hurried to the City Hospital, City Dispensary, St. Vincent's or the Deaconess Hospital. Those whose injuries at first glance were pronounced to be not serious were cared for on the spot, their wounds being hastily bandaged. A few were removed to residences in the neighborhood and others were sent to the Denison Hotel, the headquarters of the Purdue delegation.

The dead, for the most part, were buried beneath the wreckage of the locomotive, coal cars and first passenger coach. One of the first bodies found was that of E. C. Robertson, of Indianapolis, who had been assisting in coaching the Purdue team for the game with Indiana. The body was badly mangled and it was necessary to cut one shoe from the corpse to extricate it from the timbers. The two Hamilton boys, Jay Hamilton, of Huntington, Ind., and W. D. Hamilton, of Bridgeport, Ill., had been instantly killed, it is supposed. The head of Jay Hamilton was horribly crushed, the neck being almost severed. Going deeper into the debris the bodies of Sam P. Squires, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., Wm. L.



Clearing Away the Ruins of the Engine and the First Cars, from Which Twelve Bodies Were Taken.

Roush, of Gas City, Ind., D. S. Drollinger, of South Bend, Ind., and Bert Price, of Spencer, Ind., were found. All bore mute witness in frightful wounds to the death that had suddenly come upon them.

Patrick McClaire, of Chicago, one of the athletic trainers, was taken from the wreck in a dying condition and expired at the City Hospital an hour later.

LAST DEAD TAKEN OUT.

C. G. Grube, of Butler, Ind., and Walter Furr, of Galveston, Tex., were the last of the dead to be taken from the wreck. The bodies were found under the demolished locomotive and tender. All that could be seen at first was a shoe protruding through the debris. Jacks were placed under the huge mass of iron and it was raised sufficiently to permit of extricating the bodies. Both bodies were so crushed and disfigured as to be almost unrecognizable. Grube was identified by a letter found in his pocket by a fellow-student.

Others who were taken from the wreckage after heroic efforts were J. C. Coates, of Burwell, Pa., who died at the City Hospital after the amputation of both legs; George L. Shaw, of Indiana Harbor, who had been instantly killed, it is thought; Samuel Truitt, of Noblesville, Ind., who was so terribly injured that he never regained consciousness after removal to the City Hospital; B. J. Powell, the young Texan who was on the Purdue team, and W. R. Howard, of Lafayette, whose death, also, it was supposed, had been instantaneous.

All the while passengers from the other coaches, almost insane from fright and grief of the moment, hung breathlessly on the labor of the wreckers. As each poor body, crushed and mutilated, limbs twisted and distorted, was gently withdrawn from the grimy, bloody mass, some anxious face appeared, half in hope, half in terror; hope that it was no dear friend or relative, fear that another glance would disclose the features of one near and dear. Men stood silently with drawn faces, every faculty strained almost to the point of insanity. Women sobbed and wrung their hands. No more terrible contrast could possibly be imagined than the singing, laughing, cheering trainload of college boys and girls thrown suddenly into the depths of grief and despair. The scene was so affecting that few could withstand its pathos and tragedy.

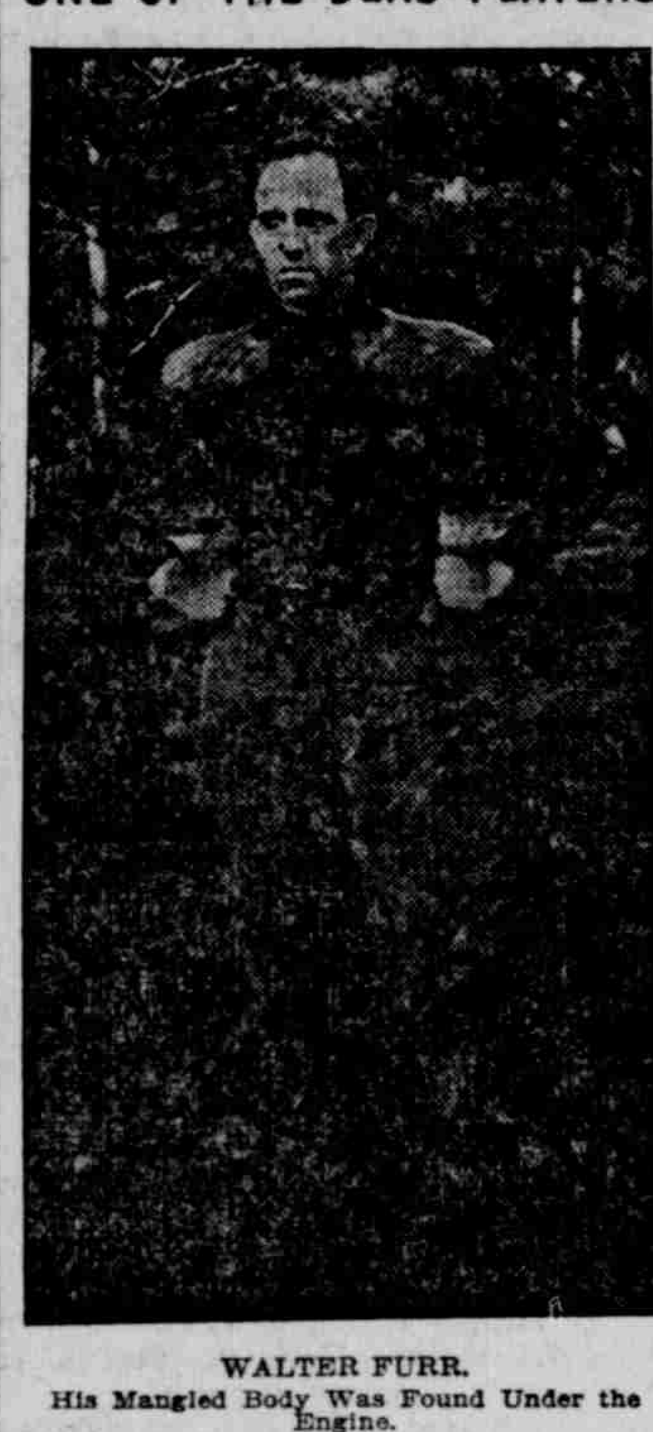
An astounding circumstance of the catastrophe is the fact that not a single girl or woman received serious injuries, and this despite the fact that a number of women were in the third coach, which was thrown high in the air and deposited on the mass of wreckage, dismantled and torn. A number were cut, scratched or bruised, some suffered severely from hysteria and the shock and the intense agony of witnessing such a spectacle, but of the hundred or more women on the train not one in all probability will be permanently injured.

A GHASTLY TASK.
The labor of the relief party was a ghastly task. So frightful had been the impact

of the collision, so completely had the first passenger coach been shattered that in many instances feet, hands and arms and other parts of bodies were torn away and tossed promiscuously through the debris. Every now and then as the work progressed a wrecker with face half averted would pick some gruesome bit of flesh and bone. Once, as the wrecking party were digging beneath the locomotive, the upper part of a man's head was found, together with a piece of newspaper and sent to the morgue, the rest was buried in a spot near the track.

It required more than human fortitude for men to work under these terrible conditions.

ONE OF THE DEAD PLAYERS



WALTER FURR. His Mangled Body Was Found Under the Engine.

ditions and many of the inexperienced volunteers were sickened at the ghastly things which crowbar and lever were constantly revealing.

SKETCHES OF THOSE KILLED.

All Classes of Purdue Represented in the List of the Dead.

With the exception of Howard, all of the men killed in the wreck were connected with Purdue University as students, coaches or trainers. Most of them were young men taking courses in mechanical or civil engineering. All classes in the school were represented in the list of dead. A short biographical sketch of the killed follows:

PATRICK MCCLAIRE, of Chicago, recently secured to train the team, was one of the most noted trainers in the country. He came to Purdue from Chicago, where he had been assisting Coach Stagg, of the University of Chicago, in training Chicago's team. He was secured through the initiative of the business men of Lafayette. He was formerly identified with the Chicago Athletic Club, was at one time assistant trainer at Yale and last season coached a football team in South Dakota. McClaire was a man of about thirty-five years and was married. His widow is living in Chicago.

B. J. POWELL, of Corpus Christi, Tex., was a member of the junior class at Purdue. He came to Purdue from Texas University and at once became prominent in athletics. While in Texas he held the State championship in the discus throw. He was a prominent member of the Purdue track team. He was a substitute on the football team last year, and this year was playing end. He was regarded as one of the strongest men on the team and was one of the most promising athletes in Purdue.

WALTER D. HAMILTON, aged twenty-two, lived at Beardstown, Ill. He was a sophomore in the School of Mechanical Engineering. Last year he played on the scrubs, making the "varsity" this year.

CHARLES E. FURR, aged twenty-eight, resided at Veederburg, Ind. He was a junior in civil engineering. Furr was on the scrub team last year, making the "varsity" this year.

CHARLES G. GRUBE, aged twenty-four, was from Butler, Ind. He was a junior in civil engineering. He played substitute tackle.

E. C. ROBERTSON, aged twenty-seven, lived at Helena, Mont. He graduated in 1901 in mechanical engineering. He was captain of Purdue "varsity" team of 1899 and

1900. He had been employed in an Indianapolis plant and came back to assist Coach Cutts. He was familiarly known as "Cap Robby" and played half back and tackle. WALTER R. ROUSH, aged twenty-three; home at Gas City, Ind., senior in science course and great friend of Captain Osborne, of Purdue eleven. Roush played on senior class football team.

SAMUEL P. SQUIRES, aged twenty-one; home at Lawrenceburg, Ind. He was a freshman in civil engineering and a member of football squad.

JOSEPH C. COATES, aged twenty-two; home at Berwyn, Pa. He was a sophomore in mechanical engineering and a member of scrub team.

SAMUEL C. TRUITT, aged twenty; home at Noblesville, Ind. He was a sophomore in science and played on scrub team. GABRIEL S. DROLLINGER was a Lafayette county (Ind.) boy. He was twenty years of age and the only son of Quinn Drollinger, a well-to-do farmer of Willis township. He entered Purdue this fall. Last June he graduated from the Rolling Prairie High School. He was endeavoring to complete his four-year course at Purdue in three years.

JAY HAMILTON, aged nineteen, home at Huntington, Ind. He was the eldest son of J. A. Hamilton, formerly landlord of the Teagarden Hotel of Laporte, but now a resident of Huntington.

CONDUCTOR JOHNSON'S STORY.
Graphic Description of the Scenes Incident to the Wreck.

Conductor Frank M. Johnson, of No. 1522 Woodlawn avenue, this city, who had charge of the Purdue special, was so shocked by the terrible accident that it was with the utmost difficulty he was able to give his version two hours afterward. The one thing that softened the grief and horror of the conductor was the joy of his wife and children at his miraculous escape from injury. As soon as the news of the wreck became generally known Mrs. Johnson was informed that her husband had been instantly killed. She fainted, and neighbors who went to her assistance worked with her for some time to restore consciousness. When Conductor Johnson was able to leave the relief party he hurried to a telephone and called his wife. Within an hour Mrs. Johnson and the two children were at the wreck, almost hysterical from joy.

Conductor Johnson tells the story of the wreck as follows:

"I was in the third car counting my tickets and making up my report when the crash came without an instant's warning. I remember that I had counted \$75 tickets and had almost reached the bottom of my pocket when I was thrown from my feet and rolled around the car. The first thing I recall was the terrific jar when the locomotive of my train struck the coal car. Then there came a rebound, followed instantly by another crash, more stunning than the first. The car seemed to raise itself on end and then to fly through the air. As it settled down, as I afterward found on top of the wreckage, I was thrown out to one side, the breath knocked out of me, but otherwise unhurt except for a scratch on my right hand.

"TERRIBLE CONFUSION.
"I don't remember in the confusion of the moment just how the other passengers in the car came out. I saw several, I remember, pinned underneath and between seats, and I know that some of them must have been terribly hurt.

"The two cars in front of the one I was in felt the full force of the collision and I never want to see another sight like the one they presented when I came to my full senses. More from a trainman's habit than from anything else, I suppose, I looked at my watch as soon as I picked myself from the ground and saw that it was exactly 10:30 o'clock. The collision must have occurred about two minutes before that, or at precisely 10 o'clock."

As the conductor stood on the embankment telling his story, his face was scratched and grimy, his clothes torn and disheveled, and he bore the appearance of a man who had reached the limit of physical and mental endurance. He had been working with bare hands for over an hour, assisting in the removal of the dead and injured.

"I can't tell you the cause of the accident because I don't know it," said Conductor Johnson. "I can't believe that either myself or any engineer is responsible for this awful thing. My orders were to leave Lafayette at 8 o'clock and to arrive in Indianapolis at 9:47. I carried out this schedule faithfully, my train making good time even with its heavy load, although we were perhaps ten minutes late. I know this much absolutely—my train was given the right of way over all trains between Lafayette and Indianapolis, as my files will show. We were not to stop or sidetrack for anything, not even United States mail, and I had no intimation of any kind of the fact that a switching train was at work in the yards here, or that I was supposed to slow down so far from the station. My orders show these facts as I have stated them."

"SPEED OF THE TRAIN.
"We may have been running twenty miles an hour, although I can't be sure on that point. We had been running very fast all the way down and the decrease in speed when we reached the city was so marked that I am unable to give any estimate of how fast my train was going when it struck the coal cars. As I say, it may have been twenty miles an hour.

"I have been in wrecks and I have seen a number of railroad accidents, but this is the most terrible thing I ever looked at. I know that this scene will remain with me to my dying day. When with the others I went to work on that blood-matted pile there, which only a few minutes before had been as fine a train as any one could wish to see, I was in tears, and I'm not ashamed to own it. No man could see what we saw—the white-faced dead, many of them in positions that showed the awfulness of their deaths, the dying, just able to look up at you with a terrible appeal in their glazing eyes, with only enough breath to just whisper for help, and the broken and bleeding young men, many of them still holding to their football rigs that they had been handling so happily a few minutes before—I felt that I couldn't bear very much more. When the work was over and willing hands had done all it was possible for men to do, I was about all in.

"There were old railroaders who worked away at that awful mass who told me that they had never seen anything in their lives that made them so sick, and some of them are men who have been with the road for thirty years.

"One of the things that struck me was the gameness and heroism of the boys who were the worst hurt. They acted like heroes, every one of them."

PERSONS ON THE TRAIN.
Miss Prudence Yager Describes Her Feelings When Wreck Occurred.

A most peculiar aspect of the wreck is this: that none of those in the second car of the wrecked train was killed, and that few, if any, of those in this car were even injured to any extent. The second coach was just behind the one in which the football players were riding. The second car was occupied by the members of the band, Professors Alford and Young, of the mathematical department of Purdue; Prof. Turner, of the mechanical department; Miss Hillsbaugh, of the musical department, and a number of young men and women from Lafayette.

The second car left the track and tumbled over on its side so quickly that the members of the band and the others in the car hardly knew what had happened. All crawled out of the doors and windows and none was seriously injured.

"Yes, I was in the wreck, but I can't tell much about how it happened," said Merrill Natfziger, of Kokomo, a sophomore at Purdue, and a member of the band. "I was in the car right behind the one where the football team was. The first thing we knew of anything going wrong was when our car began to bump. The next thing we knew our car had left the track and tumbled down the embankment and we were tumbled and thrown about like so many boxes of freight. We didn't have time to think about it. We were running along at about thirty-five miles an hour. Then the train slackened speed, there came a big crash and the next thing we knew our car was lying on its side on the steep embankment. Strange to say no one in the car was hurt badly. A good many were bruised and shocked pretty badly, but no one was injured seriously."

"I thought we were all done for sure when our car jumped off the track and turned over on its side," said Asa W. Connor, of Dallas, Tex., a freshman and a member of the band. "The thing happened so quickly that no one could realize until it was all over, of course, what was the matter. But still, you know, a fellow thinks pretty fast in a time like this. We have all read of railroad wrecks and how they happen, but no one can imagine how it is until he is in one. We heard the crash when our train hit the coal car, and before we understood what was going on we were all dumped together at one end of the car. The women shrieked and moaned and everybody thought that surely some of us would be killed. But fortunately we all got out safely—that is, without being hurt very much."

A WOMAN'S DESCRIPTION.
Miss Prudence Yager, of Lafayette, an alumna of Purdue University, was in the third coach of the wrecked train. She was among the first to reach the front of the train, where the dead lay on both sides of the track. Said Miss Yager at the Denison Hotel yesterday afternoon:

"The first thing I saw when I got off the train was the bodies of three of the football players, who were killed instantly. It was an awful sight. One could not imagine a more terrible sight. I couldn't comprehend then what had happened. We were all laughing and thinking of the great fun we would have in Indianapolis and were getting ready to leave the train, for we knew we were in the city. All at once the car began to bump and slacken speed. Then the crash came. Our car did not leave the track, but we were shaken up frightfully. As soon as the train came to a stop we scrambled out of the car. We knew something terrible had happened, but we could not tell what. It all came so quickly. Then, when we saw the dead and injured students and football players, we began to realize the horror of the thing. I can't tell anything more about it. It was too awful."

WORKMEN TO THE RESCUE.
Men Employed by the Hot Water Company Were Right on the Scene.

Probably the first on the scene were laborers who were at work on the new plant of the Marion County Hot Water Heating Company, about fifty yards to the west. When the rush of the oncoming special was heard the men looked up from their bricklaying to watch the students' train flash by. As they saw the special come sweeping around the curve they noticed at the same time that a cut of coal cars was backing up the main track and realized instantly what was about to happen. Transfixed with horror at the sight, they were powerless to do more than to gaze with strained eyes.

These were men under Foreman Tom O'Brien. They were Matt Brady, 1499 North Senate avenue; George Genter, 2302 Columbia avenue; Fred H. Cook, Lawrence, Ind.; John Grey, Hugh Jones, 510½ Blake street; Walter Stevens, 618½ Russell street, white, and Vic Long, John Morgan, Lewis Hoy, Jim McNary, Ernest Smith and Ben Haskins, colored.

THEIR STORIES AGREE.
Their stories agree exactly in statements that the special was running at least twenty-five miles an hour and that the cut of coal cars was backing from the opposite direction at about five miles an hour. They saw Engineer Shumaker reverse his engine and saw both him and his fireman leap for life. The crew of the switching train did not appear to realize that a passenger train was rushing down upon them.

When the collision came, these men say, the locomotive and first coach of the passenger train and the first coal car of the switching train seemed to rear up straight in the air against each other. That first

Get My Book if Sick

Don't Send a Penny

Don't send a penny.

Just wait till you see what I can do.

Let me take the risk. Let me prove up first what Dr. Shoop's Restorative can do. The Restorative will gain your friendship, your endorsement if you test it. And for a whole month you can test it without the slightest risk. I will tell you of a druggist near you who will furnish six bottles of

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

A Month on Trial

I will absolutely stand all the cost if it fails. If you say, "It did not help me," that ends it as far as cost to you is concerned. Do you understand me? I am telling it as plainly, as clearly as I can. I want you to know absolutely and without doubt this offer is made on honor. I have the prescription that cures. My only problem is to convince you that Dr. Shoop's Restorative will cure—is an uncommon remedy. A common remedy could not stand a test like this. It would bankrupt the physician making the offer. And I am succeeding everywhere.

Thousands are accepting my offer and only one in each forty writes me that my remedy failed. Just think of it—39 out of 40 get well, and these are difficult cases, too. And the fortieth has nothing to pay. That is a record I am proud of. It is wrong to stay sick when a chance like this is open. If well, you should tell others who are sick, of my offer. Don't let a sick friend stay sick, because he knows not of my offer. Tell him. Get my book for him. Do your duty. You may be sick yourself sometime. Sick people need help. They appreciate sympathy and aid. Tell me of some sick friend. Let me cure him. Then he will show to both of us his gratitude. Your reward will be his gratitude. Send for the book now.

Do not delay.

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 7790, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia
Book 2 on the Heart
Book 3 on the Kidneys
Book 4 for Women
Book 5 for Men (sealed)
Book 6 on Rheumatism

Mild cases, not chronic are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

The car left the track and tumbled over on its side so quickly that the members of the band and the others in the car hardly knew what had happened. All crawled out of the doors and windows and none was seriously injured.

KOKOMO MAN ON TRAIN.

"Yes, I was in the wreck, but I can't tell much about how it happened," said Merrill Natfziger, of Kokomo, a sophomore at Purdue, and a member of the band. "I was in the car right behind the one where the football team was. The first thing we knew of anything going wrong was when our car began to bump. The next thing we knew our car had left the track and tumbled down the embankment and we were tumbled and thrown about like so many boxes of freight. We didn't have time to think about it. We were running along at about thirty-five miles an hour. Then the train slackened speed, there came a big crash and the next thing we knew our car was lying on its side on the steep embankment. Strange to say no one in the car was hurt badly. A good many were bruised and shocked pretty badly, but no one was injured seriously."

"I thought we were all done for sure when our car jumped off the track and turned over on its side," said Asa W. Connor, of Dallas, Tex., a freshman and a member of the band. "The thing happened so quickly that no one could realize until it was all over, of course, what was the matter. But still, you know, a fellow thinks pretty fast in a time like this. We have all read of railroad wrecks and how they happen, but no one can imagine how it is until he is in one. We heard the crash when our train hit the coal car, and before we understood what was going on we were all dumped together at one end of the car. The women shrieked and moaned and everybody thought that surely some of us would be killed. But fortunately we all got out safely—that is, without being hurt very much."

A WOMAN'S DESCRIPTION.
Miss Prudence Yager, of Lafayette, an alumna of Purdue University, was in the third coach of the wrecked train. She was among the first to reach the front of the train, where the dead lay on both sides of the track. Said Miss Yager at the Denison Hotel yesterday afternoon:

"The first thing I saw when I got off the train was the bodies of three of the football players, who were killed instantly. It was an awful sight. One could not imagine a more terrible sight. I couldn't comprehend then what had happened. We were all laughing and thinking of the great fun we would have in Indianapolis and were getting ready to leave the train, for we knew we were in the city. All at once the car began to bump and slacken speed. Then the crash came. Our car did not leave the track, but we were shaken up frightfully. As soon as the train came to a stop we scrambled out of the car. We knew something terrible had happened, but we could not tell what. It all came so quickly. Then, when we saw the dead and injured students and football players, we began to realize the horror of the thing. I can't tell anything more about it. It was too awful."

WORKMEN TO THE RESCUE.
Men Employed by the Hot Water Company Were Right on the Scene.

Probably the first on the scene were laborers who were at work on the new plant of the Marion County Hot Water Heating Company, about fifty yards to the west. When the rush of the oncoming special was heard the men looked up from their bricklaying to watch the students' train flash by. As they saw the special come sweeping around the curve they noticed at the same time that a cut of coal cars was backing up the main track and realized instantly what was about to happen. Transfixed with horror at the sight, they were powerless to do more than to gaze with strained eyes.

These were men under Foreman Tom O'Brien. They were Matt Brady, 1499 North Senate avenue; George Genter, 2302 Columbia avenue; Fred H. Cook, Lawrence, Ind.; John Grey, Hugh Jones, 510½ Blake street; Walter Stevens, 618½ Russell street, white, and Vic Long, John Morgan, Lewis Hoy, Jim McNary, Ernest Smith and Ben Haskins, colored.

THEIR STORIES AGREE.
Their stories agree exactly in statements that the special was running at least twenty-five miles an hour and that the cut of coal cars was backing from the opposite direction at about five miles an hour. They saw Engineer Shumaker reverse his engine and saw both him and his fireman leap for life. The crew of the switching train did not appear to realize that a passenger train was rushing down upon them.

When the collision came, these men say, the locomotive and first coach of the passenger train and the first coal car of the switching train seemed to rear up straight in the air against each other. That first

view of the scene is photographed on their memories exactly. What happened after that is almost impossible to describe, they say. The air was literally full of flying timbers and splinters, of lumps of coal, and other bits of debris. They were so placed that they could see every incident of the wreck, after the first chaos, and they saw to their horror human bodies and pieces of bodies hurled high in the air and then fall to be buried in the ruins. As soon as they recovered their presence of mind they rushed to the wreck, under the direction of Foreman O'Brien, and were the first to begin the work of relief. White men and colored, with no tools save their naked hands, did what they could in the first few minutes before skilled help arrived with pro and appliances.

Hugh Jones, of 510½ Blake street, one of the members of this party, said in describing the wreck:

"I was busy laying brick when I heard somebody yell that the college train was coming. I looked up and saw the engine just coming around the curve. I wasn't looking the other way, but Walter Stevens, who was working near me, yelled out: 'For God's sake, look at that switch engine!' It all happened so fast after that that it's pretty hard to recall things straight. When the trains came together both of them seemed to jump straight up in the air and hang there for a little while. Then one of the passenger cars fell over the other side of the track, down into the gravel pit, and the one behind it followed it. Then I saw the next car jump straight through the air, it seemed to me, and fall right on top of what was left of the engine and the coal cars."

"We all dropped everything and ran over to do what we could to help. I've seen a whole lot of awful things in my day, but never anything to touch that. We picked young fellows out of that mess who were all cut to pieces and yet they hardly cried out."

Matt Brady, of 1499 North Senate avenue, said:

"One of the queer things was that there were few outcries of any kind. You would think everybody would be yelping and screaming and crying, but it wasn't the case at all. I know it struck us all as mighty queer at the time. One thing I do know, is that that train was going so fast that it looked like a yellow streak until it hit the coal cars."

George Genter, of 2302 Columbia avenue, said:

"We were the first people to get over to the wreck. We were there before any of the people who live around here could get there. I simply can't describe how it all looked. Everything was all mixed up and almost every place you looked you'd see a bloody hand or arm or leg or body sticking out of the wreck. We took out two or three who looked to me like they were dying and found one or two who had undoubtedly been killed at once."

These men under Foreman O'Brien were warmly commended by the trainmen and others who took up the work of relief.

ALMOST MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

Newshoys on the Train Not Badly Hurt—Hiram Harris Injured.

Hiram Harris, of 1229 Spann avenue, who had charge of the wrecking crew, was severely injured about the head by a piece of flying timber. Harris was directing the work on the big steam crane when the rope snapped and sent a large piece of ruck flying through the air, striking Harris in the back of the head. Harris was later sent home in the dispensary ambulance.

Walter Butler, a newshoy on the train, is lying at the City Hospital suffering from injuries received in the wreck. Butler was standing on the front platform of the special when the crash came and was buried in the debris. R. F. Scobell, of 488 Marquette avenue, St. Louis, was the other news agent on the train and escaped with slight bruises. Butler is a son of the station master of the Pennsylvania lines in Pittsburg.

That both were not killed outright is one of those inexplicable things which frequently occur in an accident of this kind. Both newshoys were standing on the front platform and Scobell was found lying fully thirty feet from where he was standing when the wreck occurred. Scobell described the wreck as follows: "I do not know, this minute whether or not I am alive. I was standing on the front platform of the train talking to Walter Butler, the other news butcher, and when the work picked up I was lying near the middle of the wreck. The only injuries I suffered were slight cuts about the head."

CUTS SAW THE CRASH.

Was Hurled Through the Car Roof, but Escaped Serious Injury.
Oliver F. Cutts, head coach of Purdue, was standing in the rear part of the first car when the crash came. "I watched the

PURDUE PLAYER NOT EXPECTED TO LIVE



A. L. HOLT, Oberlin, Ohio. Legs Crushed and Fractured Skull.